You remember the umbrella you stole? Well, I've just been walking under it through the marshes. I found some mushrooms.

Mount House
Rudmell - 6th Sept 37

Duck, are you still tramping the Roman wall? Or have you come back South, or have come South what are you doing South? I shant be told unless I ask. W, merciful heaven having provided a wet day, so that our visitors have had us all. I'm working. Though I've nothing to say. How was it that in such circumstances our ancestors still wrote such letters as could be printed verbatim? Was it nice to get Horace Walpoles letters? Was it better than reading Hugh Walpoles novels? At Lissenghurst two days ago — we took Quentin, Angelica over — Harold was saying he more or less agreed with you about M B; novels. But when pressed to explain, rather wobbled, so I thought. Given wasn't there — & oh the difference to me, as

the poem says. And the whole place was a magnificent proof of our old English aristocratic tradition. When I got back here I was positively ashamed of my middle class origin. It was a wet night. The kitchen was damp my room all strewn with old clothes. But I relented my spirits by saying I wouldn't like to live at Sils. Vita was perfect in her way, Harold in his. How I adore nice people. What else makes life worth living? Are you a nice woman? What do you think you live for? Of course, I am tethered on God, as you do, it would make a very great difference. Tom Eliot is coming here next weekend. I shall ask him, if I dare – but to ask him a question is like putting a penny in the slot of the Albert Hall – what he thinks about God. Audrey Iceland turned to me mainly attitudinizing, as if he were uneasy at heart, & must talk about himself in order to rid himself of some shabby itch: a kind of public scratching. I don't send this off as a telegram for very good cable, but as a request for news. When can I'm going to make a shot at seeing Paris before we retire in. Only it's so difficult

V.

NYPL

Rota 2.4.63

52 Tavistock Square.

19th Oct 1937

Well? — as Mrs. Pankhurst used to say.
I don't know where you are — Harrogate? Working?
Or the Roman Wall?

I am in last week in the studio at Tavistock Square,
surrounded by vast rolls of cardboard, which will soon,
I hope, be wrapping the Autumn book — Vita's Pepita
among them. We came back last week. I've
been trying to clear my room; bought a hook case to
that intent; painted a telephant grey this moment.
What I wished to lead to, however, was Maurice.
I wanted to explain, he wrote to me about Alexander:
said could we advise him: was A. a quack
who was killing him or not? (This was our
last week at Rodmell) To L. Jane his
view, & we offered to do over a talk. Upon
which Maurice scrawled a hasty legible note
saying that he must decide for himself: but
would love to see me. I felt this was one I am

an invalids chair & change - he why ask our advice if he
didn't want it? - & also felt no, he doesn't want
visitors. So did nothing. what I wish you would
explain, if it won't it, is that if my pony, or L.'s,
one or both, would give him an instants pleasure,
he's only to say so. We are there almost every
other week end. I'm afraid he's horribly bad.
Enid Jones came over. He sees him it seems; they
have a common grudge against Alexander, or rather
suspicion; as he boy for to his stool - fruitlessly, but
impressively expensively. There! That piece of
bagpipes discharged, how can I now broach, I mean
board, I mean beard, my unclerkled cat?
Only an inch of paper, an ocean in my head. I've got
Ronald stays from the Library: There's an ocean,
if you like! - but a little tumbled & tumultuous: I
doubt I shall get to the end. Then is no criticism
though, as I'm not a serious student of Egyptian
politics. Need I say that? Don't you know how little
my skimp of a brain pan holds? No, I never went
to Paris: Still much of yet: but L. can't break loose, I
don't fancy an hotel alone. And your book? And
Pan? And is Vaughan Williams a great composer? If so,
why does he sound so dull? A very adorable man
I father. And Jacques Blanche? do you
know him? And...
and... and... V.

Rota 2.4.43

NYPL

Oct 26th 1937 52 T.S.

Tuesday

As course the letter, our letters crossed. What do you take me for? a parrot afte afflicted with aphasia that I stored ask all the questions you'd just answered over again? Really, Ethel, I began to think your boasted psychological genius is null: mine is positive in comparison. But according to you it's the other way round- matter, a Mrs. Pankhurst, Lady Ponsonby, & Archbishop Benson would have died.

I can't remember the questions I had to answer. Oh yes - the book: postponing it to January: were you sure? Yes. Leonard inclined to think you were well advised. A book coming out in Nov: doesn't have time to sink through (inspection Gifts before Christmas. Carson Pirie, The

Other question, is Argyll? Well, what's your standard? Boswell? Rousseau? or merely the current pitter patter? One never knows. I think it's got kind whatever that means, admirable: an easy to read as velvet glove to slip into: a very useful; a compact; & not a schoolboy's essay like Joan: Great Jan; & should certainly sweep the market. Break the Bank. The odd thing is, I detect Lady Jackville at the end yet: an insipid, selfish, rather stupid housemaid of amorous proclivities jumped up into the Peerage. But she's very adorable. No I'm no Jan! & the vanity & the literacy, & the magpie's claws. Jet so bored with her extravagance after the first your own car. Did you ever meet her? Oh I don't wrong.

We were on the front at Seaford during the Gah. That's near as I got to Parc. The waves broke over the car. Vast shouts & white water all along the coast. Why does a Smark & water safely ab cui religion asperations? And it ab Nan do not to throw eyes in — a queer animal Shakespeare retraced by L.

No news of Maurice. Alexander lord L the other day he thinks him very bad; but then he wont do, A. says. what he's lord. did the nerve Dr. help? V.

Rota 2 v 3

52,
Tavistock Square,
W.C.1.
Telephone: Museum 2621.

24th Nov 1937

Well. Ethel?

This is the most perfectly dated &
Expected letter ever written: as such
I leave it. Nowhere & about
so much as a sentiment by
way of lending that might steal
it's classic symmetry.

Well Ethel!

And not only taken 3 seconds to write,

Well Ethel?

after Paris VI/ was killed (28th Nov 37)

52,
Tavistock Square,
W.C.1.
Telephone: Museum 2621.

Friday 3rd Dec 1937

Jan says Sir ~~A~~ not to pay
attention to your letter. We'll
continue myself to the end
whatever forbid, don't you? My love?
Mean: Thinking you & the dog.
Pete here having the flu: - am
rich a bore. but hope to get
away tomorrow the Tuesday - he
Cured. Am practically all right by.
Does 22nd mean Dec? Yes. of
Course: (Juan dreaming on me
rich in Nov). Yes. I'll
Keep my word. - Thanks for
as a publisher. for Allen. V.